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the realm of the dead, have been
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Christian Secretary.

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"WHAT THOU SEEST, WRITE—AND SEND UNTO THE CHURCHES."

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For the Christian Secretary.

Life and Death.

BY MRS. S. EMILIA PHELPS.

It was one of this fair world's brightest scenes, one of those beautiful spots where all earth, air and water seem conspiring to produce a second Eden. The very atmosphere as it breathed rejoicing over the world, seemed a living thing, delighting in the wondrous fragrance it had sportively stolen in its play with the laughing flowers. The soft blue mist as it crept roguishly down the hills, appeared like a superb veil inwrought with golden threads of sunlight that those bowery elevations had coquishly drawn over their majestic beauties.

I spoke of *innate* nature, and could almost fancy I heard the dancing rivulet and opening flower laughing together at the inapposite term. I wondered that the birds and butterflies did not weary in their ceaseless animation. In the midst of so much play it was amusing to witness the sober, business-like air of the little brown bee. Calm and serious, intent on gain he was, and he reconnoitered the flowers with so much the air of a speculator and a gourmand too, that I longed to make him pause and gaze an instant at those exquisite petals with a little poetic taste, ere he rushed in, (the desperate utilitarian!) to ascertain the precise amount they would yield.

Every object, the towering mountain, and the floating clouds at play in their feeble purity with the majesty of the azure dome, the rippling lake, and odor-breathing bowerets, the sweet songsters rendering green bowers vocal with their untutored melody, and the frolicking butterfly, that frivolous creature who does nothing but enjoy himself and display his beauty; all, all nature was instinct with life and melody, motion and joy. Life, bounding life, was the rejoicing chorus that I heard hymning to the skies.

But presently appeared the very impersonation of all that is called animation in a little giggling, capering child, who proved no inapt scholar in the merry, lively lesson that his play fellows, the birds and butterflies, were teaching their cherub associate. He, like them, had been so short a time in this bright world, that all was new, wonderful, and joyous. How it was possible for this tiny being, but just emerged from infancy, to exert perpetual motion with no diminution of energy, to be perfectly ubiquitous, and laugh, talk and sing simultaneously, was a puzzle which it took one all his play-time to solve. But at last this was terminated by the rogue's dropping asleep among the tall grass. Having often heard the death of a child likened to its repose, I drew near to observe the similitude. His sleep was like that of a drowsy flower in the moonlight, and his rest as the sweet tones of its audible respiration fell on my ear and the rose deepened in his round fresh cheek, was as like to death as is some pure sparkling brook to the thick waters of a green stagnant pool.

I entered a large and brilliant assembly. There was the young man firm in his strength, the rich man glorying in his riches, and the bridegroom rejoicing over his bride. Here too, was life, shining in every eye, dancing in each movement, and throbbing in all hearts. O how sweet does life appear to the unchastened spirit as it clouds, so fraught with hope and joy, notwithstanding its thorns. When the star of early youth is in its ascendancy, the azure of its back ground is a sky of love and hope. Such hear of earth's darkness and tempest, and listen to a poetic tale.

While, since, the grim spoiler, who trends in darkness, intercepted the path of such a being, and approached so near his couch of weakness that the icy breath was felt, and the awful rustling of his midnight drapery was heard. He unclosed the portals into the dread sepulchre, and sternly bade the youth gaze through as they rolled back reluctantly on their shadowy hinges. It was a view quailing to the human spirit. All was darkness, silence and corruption. Behind him shone life, robed in charms now become transcendently attractive, and in the distance came floating on his ear a thousand glad tones of life's melodious hymn, while before his gaze stood Death, draped in its own awful mystery, with shuddering silence, and utter nothingness! O how dread the contrast! It was a soul-rending struggle to forsake the one for the other, and he ceased to wonder, that the aged or wretched should still cling to their ebbing sands.

Another sweet young being all radiant

in her sparkling beauty, had laid down her gentle head on the cold bosom of death. I had often beheld her slight graceful figure floating about like a quivering sunbeam, and had listened to the tones of her voice whose music was wont to fall on the ear like the warbling of angelic lyres. I knew that to her this life must seem like a summer sky; for her existence, it would seem, had scarce known sufficient of tears to form on her heavens even the iris of supporting hope. They said she had not perished, she had melted away as the last streak of gold in the glittering west fades and loses itself in the eternal azure of heaven. But to the earthly it seemed far otherwise, and they shuddering, murmured, 'O how heavy the damps that could quench the glow of such a lamp, how rude and strong the gale that was able to shatter in eternal silence so melodious a harp! To her enraptured view it seemed however, that true existence was but just commencing when she entered the dim portals of the tomb, and it was only when she glanced back to the earth, that aught like death or darkness appeared. This side of the grave alone seemed dark to her rejoicing spirit as it hovered on the threshold, panting for light and life in their own birth-place.

Is it not most wonderful that Death should present himself in two forms so amazingly diverse from each other, to children of the same great perishing, yet living family? To some, he is the loved messenger of joy, the vestibule to life indeed, while to other of earth's sons and daughters the valley of death is most fearful. The heavy wings of gloom and terror brood close over all its limits, and the affrighted pilgrim clings to the entering postern with agonized tenacity. O to how many is it that passage all night! To how many is it that the murky vestibule into darkness and night eternal!

In itself, the valley of death is fearful. The glorious beings whom the heaven-bound there encounter, are not its native inhabitants, and the light beaming there, all streams in from the farther extremity. How came these foreigners on such grim soil? Death, the strong tyrant, man's dark foe, would gladly exclude such intruders on his domains, but he has been wounded, and invincible might is no longer his own.

Eighteen centuries back on the dial of time, a powerful Conqueror passed that way. He entered these awful precincts as completely a helpless victim, to human view, as had been any of the millions who had there perished before him. His majestic head bowed low, and horrors, dense beyond comprehension, gathered thick about his faint footsteps, although the mighty gates of Death trembled on their hinges, as slowly they unfolded to receive this wondrous Guest. They closed after him as he entered. The strong one armed, even Death, laid his tremendous hand upon this illustrious Visitant in his dread dominions. All grim phantoms of eternal despair that wait on the Destroyer, gathered at this awful hour in breathless eagerness about their Leader, while every bright spirit of hope and love that ever knew man and wept at his anguish, paused in inconceivable interest. The issue of this struggle was soon known. The sceptre fell from the tyrant's vanquished hand, the gates and bars of Death were shattered in eternal triumph, and a flood of light poured through, chasing every shadow, as the Infinite Conqueror re-appeared in immortal victory. Now the weakest of his followers conquer by their relation to him. In that vale he ever meets their feeble footsteps, and at the view of him, Death and the Grave are dead. The whole valley is redolent with the fragrance of celestial odors, and its air stirred by seraphic pinions.

But over those who bear not the blessed seal of holy love, Death's power is all unbroken. His abode, while they pass through, is hung with the unbroken pall of its ancient darkness, and the unattended traveler encounters only its native inhabitants. Is it then, matter of wonder that the two classes of voyagers should hail these dark waters, with tones so diverse?

"O who would heed the chilling blast,
That blows o'er time's eventful sea,
If bid to hail, its perils past,
The bright shore of eternity?"

For the Christian Secretary.

History and Result of Colportage in Virginia.

LEWISBURG, Va., Sept. 1848.

In a previous communication, I promised a further sketch of the history and results of Colportage in the "Old Dominion." For this purpose, I avail myself of the materials gathered from the deeply interesting meeting of colporteurs recently held in this village. As the facts are developed, the pious mind will love to trace the hand of God, and will adore that Providence that accomplishes its gracious purposes in a way often as mysterious as wise. Where God has a work to do, he has agencies under his control to do it. And he takes his own method of preparing the instrument for the enterprise.

One of the most remarkable of the band of Christian laborers in these mountains,

is Mr. J. C., the Superintendent of Colportage in Virginia. With a frame of iron, he has a vigorous mind, and a glowing heart. He realizes the idea of a man on fire as fully as any Christian I have met. His history is marked by striking provinces, each apparently suited to train him for the very work he is now prosecuting. In early life he was a leader in wickedness, in a community sufficiently depraved. He was ensnared in the meshes of Universalism, from which the grace of God ultimately delivered him, after many struggles. As in the case of Baxter, two books, the "Crook in the Lot," and the "Afflicted Man's Companion," were the means of his conversion. Through deep waters he was led to the Rock of his salvation. But when his feet were once planted there, he considered himself called to the work of rescuing others. Though poor, and compelled to work hard for the support of his growing family, he began and persisted in labors for the salvation of the ungodly. He formed a Sabbath-school—having heard of, but never witnessed the operation of such an institution—sent for a library, and became teacher, superintendent, and all. Few of the children could read; but they learned rapidly. He also established prayer-meetings, circulated Tracts, and soon gathered a congregation, and crowds flocked together to hear him read "Burder's Sermons," and other works. So much interest was excited, that he sent some distance for a preacher, who found nearly a thousand people assembled under a large tree to hear the Gospel. A revival followed; a church was organized, and eighty-three persons united in three months—among the number a woman eighty-two years old, who had never heard a sermon. He continued to superintend the Sabbath-school for thirteen years, and nearly all the children were converted. He also engaged in systematic family visitation, making it his sole errand to converse on personal religion. Early in this work, he found the value of religious books as an auxiliary, and sent for copies of Pike's Persuatives and Doddridge's Rise and Progress which he loaned from family to family, till they were worn out. As a result, revivals of religion occurred, winter after winter, until that community became known as the "green spot" of that region. There were as many as forty praying men gathered into that church, and they established prayer-meetings for miles around. This experience for years of the power of personal conversation, and of religious books, prepared him to appreciate Colportage, and induced him to devote himself to it.

The providential way in which Mr. C. was led into the Colporteur work, is as remarkable as the providential preparation for it. The main facts are these. After a series of severe domestic trials, a season of prosperity intervened. With health in his family, and success in his worldly schemes, the prospect of comfort and thrift seemed secure. At a single blow his hopes were blasted. His wife was smitten down in full health, and in seven hours was a corpse. Distracted by this sudden providence, his health gave way, and in despondency he expressed to his daughter the purpose to commit to writing a statement of his worldly affairs for his children, and lie down and die. He went to the grave of his wife overwhelmed with his sorrows, where he was followed by his pastor, who said, "You must not be here; the Lord has a work for you to do, and a man has come to call you into it." The Rev. Mr. W., a General Agent of the Society, who was provisionally detained until that Sabbath, preached in behalf of the Tract Society. It opened before his mind a new and inviting field of effort, congenial with all the labors of his Christian course. The hand of the Lord was visible in bringing such an enterprise before him at such a time; and without a moment's delay, he responded to the call for his personal service as a colporteur.

But what should be done with his family! Providence favored arrangements for the temporary care of them, and in the spring his eldest daughter was married to a pious young man, who immediately took his place in the care of the farm and of his little ones, leaving him free to prosecute his work without hindrance. He commenced his labors in Western Pennsylvania. He encountered difficulties and discouragement which almost tempted him to abandon the object. But he prayed night after night, and the desire to persevere was irresistible. He went out among the people with a broken heart, and with weeping eyes. Soon the clouds broke away, and the power of God was manifested through him in the conversion of souls. A revival began in the place where he commenced his labors, and fifty-seven souls rejoiced in Christ during his stay. About one hundred were added to the churches there during the year. Revivals followed his labors in other places. In B— county, where the sanctuary was greatly neglected; there were about one hundred accessions to one church. In a wicked village, the people secreted themselves as he passed from house to house; but he conversed with all he could find, and put books of Tracts in all the deserted houses. The

next day he had a crowd of people to hear him, and a blessing followed.

After a few months' labor in Western Pennsylvania, he was invited to visit an adjoining county in Virginia. He was told by a minister that \$100 worth of books would be enough for the summer. But he induced a young lawyer to accompany him in his visits, and in two days his books were all gone. Returning to P., he procured a wagon load of books, and took them to the mountains, which he scoured in every direction, holding two meetings a day, and visiting all the families in his course. There were then but two Sabbath-schools in the region; now there is not a neighborhood in that district of Virginia without schools and books are everywhere in demand.

Soon he found occasion for helpers, as the work was "too heavy" for him. For the purpose of sustaining them, he commenced raising funds. In one little village, where nothing had been previously contributed, he secured \$150 in two days. In three months, besides his colporteur labors, he realized \$740 in donations. Additional laborers, suited to the field, were soon raised up around him. The work grew upon his hands from day to day, and has continued to expand to the present hour. He found it necessary to have a more central point for his operations, and some two years since removed to this village. No less than from thirty to fifty colporteurs have been associated with Mr. C. in this state, during the last three years, temporarily or permanently, and the whole enterprise has grown steadily in favor with God and man, until it has become one of the most prominent and hopeful of all the enterprises for enlightening and evangelizing the masses of this scattered mountain population.

Look at the statistical results of this movement, and then trace back its brief history, and see if there is not occasion for devout praise as the Almighty hand is manifest in the rise and progress of Colportage in Virginia. Within these three years, no less than 24,522 families have been visited; and I know enough of the "magnificent distances" in these mountains to presume that 50,000 or 100,000 weary miles must have been traversed to find so many. With 15,603 of this number, the colporteurs have held religious conversation or prayer; and if all have performed this duty with the earnestness and fidelity of the Superintendent, their warnings and instructions will not soon be forgotten in these habitations. The spiritual condition of these families may be inferred from the fact, that about one-seventh were destitute of God's word, and about one-fifth of all were without any other religious book. The number of volumes sold exceeds 50,700, for which \$12,695 were received; and 10,280 volumes, of the value of \$1,713 have been distributed gratuitously to poor and destitute families, making a total circulation of more than 61,000 volumes. I hazard little in saying that an equal number of religious books did not exist in all Western Virginia previous to this visitation of mercy. Besides this, they have supplied nearly 3,000 families with the Scriptures, and held 1,464 prayer-meetings, or public meetings. O, if such a sowing of the seed of the kingdom of Christ could have taken place a quarter of a century ago, we should not have to weep over such moral wastes as now cover these mountains! Thank God, that at this late date, he has raised up a band of men who "go forth weeping, bearing precious seed," and who have "come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them."

But I must write yet another letter to tell you something of these "sheaves"—the blessed fruits of colporteur toils among the mountains of Virginia. Meanwhile, let our prayer be, "Lord, by whomsoever thou wilt, O send the Gospel to the mountaineers!"
Adieu, R. S. C.

Resignation and Submission.

It is one thing to be resigned to God's will, and quite another thing sometimes to submit. A dying man once said in answer to the inquiry, "Are you willing to die?" "Yes, I suppose I must." He would submit, because resistance is useless. He surrendered to superior power, but there was no resignation. "Not my will, but thine be done," is the breath of the spirit that is resigned to the higher dispensation that requires us to yield, and he who has the heart to say it, will taste the sweetness there is in having no will that rises up against that of infinite wisdom and love; and a heart that is resigned to the dispensation that requires us to yield, and he who has the heart to say it, will taste the sweetness there is in having no will that rises up against that of infinite wisdom and love; and a heart that is resigned to the dispensation that requires us to yield, and he who has the heart to say it, will taste the sweetness there is in having no will that rises up against that of infinite wisdom and love.

drained to the dregs. There is no taste of sweetness in the mixture that is given you to drink. Say no, and the darkness of the night of trial grows blacker. The face of your Father is hid in the clouds, and the gloom of abandonment settles on your sinking soul. Say no, and the voice of your Father sounds harshly as he calls away your little one, and you feel that he is chastening you in displeasure. It is bitter to be afflicted when you are not resigned.

Say yes, and feel it, and you shall know how good and gracious God can be even when his hand presses most heavily. You shall taste the sweetness of grief which reveals the love of Him who wounds that he may heal, and takes away that he may restore four fold. Say yes, and he will unfold the mysteries of his providence and grace, and you shall see that heaven is brighter and earth is better, and your soul fier for both, because God has tried you in the furnace of his sovereign will. Say yes, and the blessedness of resignation shall be felt in its life-giving power, so that even if you are more deeply afflicted, and the desire of your eyes is indeed taken from your sight, you shall say, "blessed be the name of the Lord."—N. Y. Obs.

The Creature Finite, however Exalted.

A creature, even in glory, is still a creature, and must be treated as such. After the blessed God hath elevated it to the highest pitch, he must infinitely condescend; it cannot otherwise know or converse with God. He must accommodate this glory to the weaker eyes, the fainter and more languid apprehensions of a poor finite thing. I had almost said, nothing; for what is any creature, even the whole creation, in its best state, compared with the great "I AM," the Being, (as he justly appropriates to himself that name,) the "All-in-all?"

Their expressions, who over-magnify, even deity, the creature assumed into glory, must be heard and read with caution and abhorrence, as the high-sounding words of blasphemous vanity. Is it not enough that perishing wretches, that were within one hand's breadth of hell, are saved, except they be also defiled too? that they become happy, unless they also become gods? The distance even of a glorified creature from the glorious God, is still infinitely greater than between it and the silliest worm—the minutest atom of dust.

The blessed in heaven shall have the glory of God so presented, and their minds so enlarged, as to comprehend much at one view; in which respect they may be said, in a great degree, "to know as they are known; inasmuch as the blessed God comprehends all things at once, in one simple act of knowing."

The knowledge the blessed have of God is not infinite. Pure intuition of God, without any mixture of reasoning, is acknowledged to be peculiar to God alone. But as the blessed God shall continually afford (if we may speak of continuity in eternity, which yet we cannot otherwise apprehend,) a clear discovery of himself, so shall the principal exercise and felicity of the blessed soul consist in that less laborious and more pleasant way of knowing—a mere admitting or entertaining of those free beams of voluntary light by a grateful intuition.—Hose.

Men of Hot Hearts.

"We want men of hot hearts to tell of the love of Christ," said a converted Chinese. It is as true in America as in China, that such men are needed. But is there not a fearful deficiency among us of such hearts? Are there not cold hearts in great numbers of the pulpits every Sabbath? Oh, I fear all the exercises are sometimes conducted without religious heat sufficient to melt a moral snow-flake. Of many preachers it may be affirmed they are cold, cold, very cold. A mere round of services in the sanctuary, does not meet the wants of the hearers. They need to be aroused and must be, by the preacher, or they will sleep. He that enters the pulpit at this day, depending on his audience for inspiration, will be a dull preacher. Christ's ambassadors should present themselves before the people prepared to create an interest. The sanctuary ought to be known as the place where men are made to feel. Give us light—give us also heat. Enough, and more than enough have we had of that preaching which is as cold as moonbeams. To secure the hot hearts needed, it is in vain to visit Germany or any other foreign country. These hearts cannot be obtained by speculations on "new divinity." Nor will the arts of logic and rhetoric produce them. God alone can give them, and ministers must seek to him for them. Sailing around the earth, exploring foreign lands, gaining acquaintance with the wisdom of other climes and ages, seeking the highest accomplishments afforded by science and literature, are all well in their place; but preachers of the gospel should know that the duty assigned to them by the King of Zion, is so to unfold the gospel that multitudes shall be saved. For this end, they must have hot hearts.—N. E. Puritan.

The Russian Clergy.

All the writers, of every nation and creed with whom we are acquainted, are unanimous on these points; all declare, *una voce*, that to appreciate, or even to imagine, the moral or social degradation of the Russian clergy, it is necessary to have lived amongst them. The very proverbs which are current in Russian society, of every class, and which are heard in Russia alone, reveal their true character. "Son of a priest," is the last insult, to which a man has recourse in reviling an enemy. "Am I a 'pope,' that I should eat twice?" is the disdainful allusion to the habits of the half-famished clergy. "Like pastor like flock," is the comment upon the irregularities of laymen. And these are only specimens. Like the following priesthood of Syria and Armenia, the chief characteristics of the Russian clergy appear to be habitual drunkenness, profound ignorance, and the lowest habits of a sordid and animal existence.—"The vice of drunkenness is so common amongst them," says Theiner, "that it excites no observation." In the ships of this navy, he adds, where they always receive an increase of salary, "the commanders usually place the chaplain under arrest twenty-four hours before divine service, to make sure that he will not present himself drunk before the altar."—Their general character may be gathered from the official and annual "reports" of the "holy synod" itself. In the report for 1836, it appears that, during that single year, one in fifty of the whole Russian clergy was under condemnation by the public sentence of the various tribunals. Since that period, the moral state of the clergy, if we may believe the reluctant testimony of the synod, has steadily deteriorated. Thus in 1837, comparing the number of condemnations with the total number of clergy, it appears that these amounted for the whole empire to one in twenty-four; in 1838, to one in twenty-three; and in 1839, to one in twenty. In the four years, from 1836 to 1839, the synod reports that 15,443 or one-sixth of the 102,456 ecclesiastics of every rank and grade, were under judgment, and that as the supreme procurator himself declares, "for infamous crimes."—Dublin Review.

Who was the Master Composer?

One of the finest instances of composition in the world is found in the perpetual renovation and purification of the air we breathe. Nothing else more beautifully illustrates the saying of the wise Hebrew, that all the works of the Most High are made two and two and set one against the other.

Christian Secretary.

HARTFORD, FRIDAY, OCT. 13, 1848.

State and Prospects of Europe.

A writer in the *Journal of Commerce* who shows himself to be perfectly familiar with his subject, Dr. Baird, probably is furnishing a series of interesting articles under this head. Thus far he has confined himself to the "State and Prospects of France." In his closing letter on France (the latter part of which will be found below) he thinks the great crisis of the whole movement connected with the revolution of February is drawing very near. "As the Convention is advancing in the business of making a Constitution, he says, and the form, if I may so speak, of the Republic is becoming more defined, its enemies—whether Radicals, Socialists, (Communists), or Monarchists, of the three dynastic parties, will become more and more determined in their opposition. This is to be expected. In verity it is, 'now or never,' with them. If they cannot defeat the organization and establishment of the Republic, it is not very likely that they will find it an easy thing to overthrow it when it is fairly in operation."

He thinks the radicals, socialists, communists and monarchists may combine in an attempt to overthrow the present government, in the hope that one will be established on its ruins more in accordance with the views of the respective parties; one division hoping for such a republic as they wish, the other for a monarchy; but he believes Cavaignac will be prepared for them, although oceans of blood may flow in the streets of Paris, and in other cities of France.

His closing remarks are truthful and worthy a perusal. From the time of the first intelligence of the French revolution to the present, we never entertained a doubt but that the hand of an Overruling Providence was giving direction to it, and that one of the principal results would be the general diffusion of the gospel, not only in France but all over Europe. It may require years to bring things into the right position for the accomplishment of this object, but it will be done. The writer says: "Permit me again to say that my hope for France is not founded in man, but in the providence and word of God. I think that the day has come for the spread of the true Gospel—a primitive Christianity—in France. I believe so because I see that God is raising up the men in that country to do work, and giving great success to their efforts. I know no other way in which we can ascertain that the 'set time' is come to build up the kingdom of God any where. And this being the case in France, and there being now a considerable number of excellent people in that land—pious people, who know how to pray, and who have the heart, as they certainly have occasion, to pray day and night—for peace, on every account and especially for the sake of the blessed work which is now begun and so full of promise, I cannot but believe that the infinite God will so order events in that country, that the period of civil war, if it must come, will not last long, and that a stable Government will be established under some form or other. Some of your readers may deem this to be fanaticism. But it matters little to me what they think. I would rather have this ground of hope for France, or any other country, than any other you could name. God is wiser and greater than men. And He rules in the affairs of men and of nations."

"Never shall I forget a beautiful anecdote the late excellent Divie Bothune, of your city, Messrs. Editors, (I wish we had tens of thousands of such Christian merchants in these days,) once told me. It was to this effect: In the early part of the Summer of 1804 he received from a Christian correspondent in England, a most interesting account of the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society, (which was founded in the month of May of that year,) and of its glorious object. As he was walking up one of the streets that led from the Post Office, with the letter in his hand, he met a distinguished Democrat, Mr. A., to whom he read the intelligence which he had just received. That gentleman listened to it with great attention. When Mr. B. had gotten through, 'Well,' said his democratic friend, who was a great admirer of France and her wonderful Emperor, and an enemy to Great Britain; 'Napoleon Bonaparte will never conquer England—he will never set his foot on that island. God will not permit a nation in which such a society has been formed, and for the glorious object of giving His Word to the world, to be conquered by the French.' His prophecy was fulfilled."

"And this is my hope in relation to France. I think the time has come for a great and good work to be done in France, in giving her that blessed Religion which she so much needs, and I cannot but think that this great fact will have some influence in the events that are now taking place in that country, all of which are ordered by Him who 'sitteth King in Zion.'"

"It cannot be that some great and good thing is not to be accomplished by all this movement, for which God in his providence seems most wonderfully to have prepared the way. For a long time Louis Philippe had amazing prosperity. Everything seems to concur to strengthen his throne. The young Napoleon died, Lafayette, Armand Carrel, Lafayette, and other prominent opposers of his course were taken away. And there seemed to be no one left from whom he could expect trouble, but the Duke of Bordeaux. During those years of prosperity, knowing as I did the iniquitous course which his government pursued in relation to the progress of the Truth in France, and its infamous conduct at the Society and the Sandwich Islands, to say nothing of Switzerland and Cracow and Italy, how often did my mind revert to an expression of one of the Gallic or Helvetic chiefs to Julius Caesar: 'That the Gods (or Divine Providences he meant) often grants to those whom they intend to destroy with a more overwhelming destruction, an impunity proportionate in duration.'"

"But when the time drew near for the downfall of Louis Philippe, see how one after another took place those which rendered it, at length inevitable. 1. The death of the Duke of Orleans, so much beloved, and from whom so much was expected. 2. The appointment of the Duke of Nemours, as Regent, who was detested by the nation, instead of the Duke of Orleans, who was a favorite with all. 3. The infatuated obstinacy of the King in opposing Electoral Reform. 4. The determination to prevent all meetings, even public banquets, for the discussion of political subjects, just as religious meetings had been hindered as much as possible. 5. The hesitation of the King, when the struggle

his appointing Count Mole, instead of nominating some popular man. Mr. Thiers, for instance—whom at length he appointed, but when it was too late! 6. The discharge of so insignificant a weapon as a pistol, and the wounding of a horse of a Colonel at a particular juncture. 7. The King's abdication in favor of his grandson—but, alas, by several hours too late! 8. The going of the Duke of Orleans, with her sons, to the Chamber of Deputies—but still too late! by perhaps not more than half an hour! Was there ever anything like all this? How visible was the hand of God in all these events! Let us hope that he will so order all things as to bring great results out of this wonderful movement. For this let Christians pray. I am afraid that those who know how to pray, in the midst of us, do not feel the importance of prayer as they should, in behalf of France and its rulers. Would God that this great duty were appreciated as it ought to be! Surely this is a time when good men should pray for the nations and their rulers. This is the appropriate and imperative duty of Christians—leaving to the men of this world the task of gazing, admiring, and doing nothing. In my next we will go over into Italy."

Home Mission Society.

"The entrance of thy words giveth light."

A missionary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, in a recent quarterly report says: About 16 miles from P., a county seat in Ill.; there is a group of disciples of D. Parker, who maintain the "two seed doctrine," and act upon anti-mission principles. It is the very seat of the heresy in that region. The leaders keep the people in great ignorance and error. A few evenings since I preached at the house of one of this sect. The congregation was numerous and the good old brethren treated me kindly, and seemed quite surprised and somewhat interested as I preached Christ and gave them information of the labors of the Home and Foreign Mission Societies.

The next evening I preached to a church about five miles West, numbering about 60 members, with whom we enjoyed an excellent interview. They know nothing about missionary principles or operations; but seemed anxious to learn, and I have no doubt but with a little light shining in their path they will occupy right ground.

I also visited M., a growing county seat; in and around which are several very respectable brethren, who, could they have the stated labor of a preacher, if but one week in a month, would probably form a church and build a meeting house. I have visited several other villages in the same region, which you will please bear in mind is the strong hold of "Parkerism," but in which, I am convinced, the strong has become weak. In my opinion, and that of others, it is a field ripe for the harvest, and ready for Baptist preachers who know how to thrust in the sickle. Could I multiply my self into twenty strong, gospel laborers, I would devote the entire energies to this region. A great work is just beginning in it, and with divine assistance I will not fail to do as much of it as I can.

From the Boston Traveller.

Baptist Missionary Meeting.

The spacious house in Bowdoin Square (Rev. Dr. Church's) was literally packed Sabbath evening, to attend the farewell services connected with the departure to different foreign missionary stations, of nine missionaries, male and female, under the charge of the American Baptist Missionary Union, as follows:—Rev. Lyman Jewett and wife, designated to Telouogoo mission, Madras Presidency; Rev. Henry L. Van Meter and wife, to Burma and Arracan mission; Rev. Calvin C. Moore and wife, to Arracan mission; Rev. Judson Benjamin and wife, to Arracan mission, Tavoy, Tenasserim.

The foreign secretary, in his instructions to the missionaries, dwelt particularly on the trials and temptations to which they would be exposed in their foreign field of labor; having in view the preparation of their minds to meet these trials and overcome them the more easily.

Among other difficulties to be encountered, the secretary suggested that of attempting to communicate the truth of the gospel in languages not only strange to them, but destitute of words to express the ideas of the gospel. He cautioned them against overtasking themselves; against giving way to feelings of despondency, at the want of immediate success, or from an apprehension of being forgotten or neglected by the churches at home; and above all he warned them against being tempted out of their appropriate spheres of labor, to lay out work for others, which might interfere with the general arrangement of the missionary committee. He cautioned them not to complain if they did not receive reinforcements as they needed, assuring them that it would not be forgetfulness of their necessities which would prevent them from being supplied, but it would be that under which the Union had suffered from the beginning—the want of men and means.

The Rev. Mr. Neale took an affectionate leave of each of the missionaries, assuring them of the hearty sympathy of the churches with them in their labors and suffering, and pointing them to the crown of rejoicing which should be their endless portion.

The Rev. Dr. Church addressed the churches with great plainness and earnestness, on the duty of sustaining their missionaries in foreign lands. "The services were protracted until after nine o'clock, and though there were hundreds crowded together in the aisles, very little evidence of weariness was manifested so far as we noticed. The occasion was evidently one of deep interest to the many hundreds of persons who were present, and can hardly fail to produce a permanently salutary impression on the congregation and the Baptist churches generally."

American Board.

A deeply interesting meeting was held at the Park Street Church, Boston, the same evening, as we learn from the *Boston Recorder*, to give a company of missionaries under the patronage of the American Board their final instructions previous to their departure for their several missionary stations. This company consisted of the following persons: Rev. Mr. Dallas and wife to Madras; Rev. Mr. Mills and wife to Ceylon; Dr. Shelton and wife to Madras; Mr. Burnell and wife, printer, to Ceylon; Rev. J. T. Noyes and wife to Ceylon; Mrs. Winslow, wife of Rev. Mirron Winslow, to Madras; and Mr. Ireland and wife to South Africa.

Rev. Dr. Anderson gave a few instructions in behalf of the Prudential Committee. He said to the missionaries that they would be under the protection of the British government, and that their

yield obedience to their laws. They must never indulge the thought that the churches in this country will be weary in the work of converting the world. In the past history of the church, Christianity has been extended by foreign missions, and the cause is to be spread through the world by the same instrumentality.

The Rev. Mr. Poor, lately returned from the Ceylon mission, after an absence of 33 years, then addressed the meeting, and gave some very interesting statistics relative to the island of Ceylon.

The whole congregation, says the *Recorder*, united in singing the missionary hymn; and Dr. Beecher closed with Prayer. Every part of the church was filled and a stillness and solemnity reigned throughout the house, that is seldom witnessed.

Thirty Years Since.

The *Journal of Commerce* of Saturday last, relates the following:—"The Rev. Dr. Poor, who has just returned from a thirty-three years' mission on the Coast, in alluding recently to the large amount of religious intelligence now circulating through the common secular papers of the land, said it reminded him of the prophetic remark of Rev. Mr. Gallaudet of Hartford, when they were students at Andover Seminary, that the time might come when there would be newspapers for the diffusion of religious intelligence."

So surprising has been the change in public sentiment, and so rapid has been the progress of evangelical religion within the period named, it is not at all surprising that a man of Mr. Gallaudet's discernment should at that time indulge the hope that the time might arrive when there would be newspapers for the diffusion of religious intelligence. Thirty years ago the United States and the nations of Europe were just resting from the wars which had desolated and drenched with blood the fairest portions of Christendom. But what a change for good has taken place since that period. Not only has "a newspaper for the diffusion of religious intelligence" become "a fixed fact," but nearly every religious denomination have papers devoted to their own interests, and the nations that were then "sitting in darkness and the valley of the shadow of death," have received great light thro' the labors of missionaries who have encircled the globe in their efforts to do good, and are now scattering the gospel broad cast over the destitute portions of the earth. Tens of thousands of benighted heathen who were bowing to blocks of wood and stone, have invoked blessings on their labors, having learned through them, to put their trust in Christ alone for salvation; and Christian churches, like oases in the desert, have sprung up in every direction, to cheer the hopes of the pilgrim. The false assumption advocated by some, that the world is getting worse and worse, needs only the light of history for the past thirty years, to refute it; and who can begin to imagine the mighty advances that will be made in the next thirty years, or the religious condition of the world at the expiration of that period? They may be those who will smile at the faint hope expressed by Mr. Gallaudet thirty-three years ago, but there is good reason to believe that it was extraordinary foresight in him, in comparison to the wildest flights of fancy that the most enthusiastic visionary now indulges in regard to the glorious prospects of the future,—"God has spoken glorious things concerning Zion."

Who will be the Next President?

This is a question often asked, at this crisis. It is agitated in the steamboat, in the railroad car, in the workshop and in the field. Men of talents, learning and eloquence, are sent from Dan to Beersheba, to advocate the claims of the different candidates for the presidential chair; the press is laid under heavy contribution to aid this cause; indeed the whole country, from the St. Croix to the Rio Grande, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is moved like the heaving ocean.

If you listen to the politicians, at the corners of our streets, you would suppose that the salvation of the country depended upon the success of their favorite candidates. But whether Taylor, Van Buren or Cass is elected, the sun will still continue to rise and set, and the tide to ebb and flow. None of the laws in the physical world will be changed.

We do not wish to treat lightly the affairs of civil government; but to give them all the attention which they deserve, is not to give them more than their due. There are no immortal beings, than who shall be the next president? Has not each individual in the community a soul to save or lose? Is there not another question that is vastly more important for us to solve? "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" This question was put by him, who knew the value of the soul, and no mortal man can answer it. Is it wise to let things of time so engross the attention that eternal realities shall be excluded from our thoughts?—*Boston Recorder*.

The eve of a Presidential election is a season devoted to the discussion of politics, in which professors of religion are apt to take too prominent a part. Not that the political affairs of the country should not be understood and acted upon by professed Christians, but that they are apt to devote too much time to this subject, especially at a period like the present. Every man should know enough of the political affairs of his country to be enabled to vote understandingly; but in order to do so it is not necessary that he should mingle with party meetings, or become an active participant in electioneering campaigns. The question, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" is of vastly more consequence than "who will be the next President?" In the latter case the depositing of a vote for the candidate which the voter conscientiously believes to be best fitted for the office, discharges his obligations in the matter. In the former, he is bound by the command of God to devote his life to the cause of truth and righteousness. A Presidential election imposes certain duties upon the Christian, which are easily discharged; but the salvation of the soul imposes upon him duties of a higher order—such as, as heaven is higher than earth, or eternity exceeds the bounds of time. With how much more zeal then should he devote himself to the things that make for his eternal peace, than to those that are to endure but for a moment.

At a time like the present, when the churches are mourning the absence of the Holy Spirit, and the general spiritual death that prevails, the time should be occupied in repentance and humiliation for our sins, and in prayer for a revival of the work of grace in the hearts of God's children, and the conversion of sinners throughout the world. Were this great duty attended to as it should be by all evangelical denominations, we should have no fears about a President; for the blessing of the Most High would rest upon us; "Yes the Lord will give that which is good, and our land shall yield her increase. Righteousness shall go before him, and shall set us in the way of his steps." "Happy is that people that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people, whose God is the Lord."

Dedication at Watford, 12th inst.

MESSRS. BURN & SMITH.—Thinking that a brief sketch of this venerable church which, with their venerable pastor, are about leaving the old house where they and their fathers have worshipped, to take possession of a new one, might be appropriate to your columns, I send you the following.

Two days, namely, Wednesday and Thursday of this week, were devoted to this service. Wednesday was spent by the church in renewing the dedication of themselves to God—indulging in the sacred reminiscences of the past, and taking a sort of solemn farewell of the place where they had been spiritually born and nurtured, and where they had often seen the power and the glory of God as he seldom seen even in the sanctuary. This service, which was held in the old house, had an interest peculiar to itself. It was fitted to remind one of the gathering at Shechem, of the elders, and heads, and officers, and judges, and people of Israel by Joshua, recorded in the 24th chapter of the book that bears his name. It may be said by many of the churches in the vicinity of the old Watford church, she is (in an important sense) "the mother of us all." From these churches many standard bearers were on this occasion gathered together to the place still sacred in their eyes, but now to be forsaken by the "tribes who have found it necessary to enlarge the place of their tents."

The forenoon was devoted to prayer and a free conference, and it was truly refreshing to hear the old soldiers of the cross tell of the way in which their great Captain had led them—how he had dispersed their fears—exceeded their hopes—disarmed their enemies, and brought them on, till now they seemed to view themselves on the very borders of Canaan, ready to enter the "promised land."

In the afternoon a sermon was preached by Rev. F. Wightman, from Deut. 32: 7-14, full of the richness and marrow of gospel truth. It was refreshing to listen to the veteran of the cross as he pointed out how God prepares a sure habitation for his people—fits them for it—and triumphantly establishes them in the undisputed possession of the same. This was followed by some brief historical sketches by the venerable pastor, Eld. F. Darrow, who, like Moses, has led his people forty years. And here we may observe, that it cannot be too much regretted that the history of this ancient church (like many others, alas!) should, in so great a degree, have been allowed to perish. For the first sixty years of their existence no records were preserved—it is not known even that articles of faith were possessed by the church. A few brief gleanings, rescued from oblivion by Eld. Darrow, is all that remains of the origin and early history of one of the most honored and interesting of the churches in our State. It seems that about the year 1743, Eld. Cooley came into these parts preaching "the gospel of the kingdom." What hardships he endured—what persecutions he suffered, are recorded in heaven, but have faded from the memories of earth. It is only known that his labors were "not in vain," but much people were "obedient to the faith," and a church was constituted 1748. This is, therefore, the year of its centennial jubilee—a fitting epoch in which to take possession of its new habitation. This church, by the way, is the one spoken of by a late correspondent of yours, under the title of the New London church, which he says is one hundred years old. This error has arisen from the fact that Watford was formerly a part of New London. The first church New London, was constituted in 1804, and is consequently forty-four years old. After the labors of Elder Cooley, the church greatly declined, but was reconstituted in 1767, by a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and chose and ordained bro. Nathan Howard as Elder, and bro. Zadock Darrow as Deacon. After a short period, Dea. Darrow (grandfather of the present Eld. Darrow), was ordained Elder, which office he filled till the period of his death, in very advanced years, and was succeeded by the present pastor. An example of permanency in the pastoral relation more easily and generally admired than followed in our age.

This church has been greatly favored with revivals. It was remarked by the pastor that during the period of his ministry (40 years), more than two or three years had seldom intervened between such seasons. In view of such facts—facts showing the way in which God has led us, shall it now be made a question whether revivals have been a blessing to Zion! Since the formation of the New London Association (31 years) between six and seven hundred have been added to this church by baptism, mostly the fruits of revival. The church now numbers 403 members, and as was stated by the pastor, was never more united than at present. Under such auspices they take possession of their new house—spacious and beautiful in its proportions. May its spiritual glory excel that of the former house. We have only time to say that a prayer meeting was held in the evening (Wednesday) of a deeply interesting character; and thus closed the last solemn service in the house by which multitudes, both on earth and in heaven, can say, "I was born there!"

The next day (Thursday) the new house was dedicated. Most of the ministers in the vicinity, and some from a distance, were present. An excellent sermon was preached by Elder J. S. Swan from Ex. 20: 24, in which it was shown under what circumstances God would record his name in an earthly habitation—and what he would do for his people in blessing them. A solemn dedicatory prayer was offered by the venerable pastor, the ministers all kneeling. In the evening, services were again held in the new house—preaching by Rev. N. Wildman, son-in-law of the pastor. Thus closed these deeply interesting exercises, introductory, it is hoped, to higher and nobler exercises in heaven, by many who shall here be gathered into the kingdom. It may be added, this new house was entirely paid for before it was dedicated to God.

Dr. Kirtz.—A letter dated Athens Aug. 31, has quite recently been received, from Dr. King, missionary of the American Board, who has met with much persecution in Greece, in which he says:

"A few days since I called on the King's Attorney, whose business it is to conduct the prosecution against me, on the charge of Proselytism bro't against me last year in the office of Simoudis; and he informed me that he intends to have my trial brought forward in due time. The day of trial will be one of great interest to me, both as it respects myself personally, and as it respects the cause in which I am engaged."

From the same letter it appears, that, through the generosity of American friends, he has recently put in extensive circulation some important religious documents.

New Haven Association.

The annual meeting of the New Haven Baptist Association was held in Milford, Oct. 4th and 5th. Introductory sermon by Rev. S. D. Phelps, from Luke 17: 20, 21. Missionary sermon by Rev. F. Ketcham, from Isa. 60: 1. Sermons were also preached by Rev. C. W. Potter of North Haven, and Rev. B. N. Leach of Middletown. Officers chosen for the coming year.—Rev. S. D. Phelps, Moderator, Rev. F. Ketcham, Secretary, G. W. Gorham, Assistant Secretary, Dea. Geo. Read, Treasurer. Owing to the previous heavy rain, a smaller number were in attendance than usual.—The meeting was harmonious, and the sermons and addresses timely and profitable.

The subject of the introductory sermon was—*The Character and Locality of Christ's Kingdom.* The preacher showed, first, negatively, that it cometh not with observation. It is not an earthly kingdom. It consists not in external rites or ceremonies. It is not to be advanced or sustained by worldly parade or popular excitement. It has no exclusive or external locality. Secondly,—*The positive declaration of Christ in the text.* It is spiritual in its nature. Its domain is the renewed heart. Its origin is divine.

From this exhibition we learned, 1. The radical error of the Pharisaic notion (whether ancient or modern) of this kingdom; 2. That it is to be received with humility and penitence; 3. That its characteristics in the renewed life of man are spiritual and heavenly, such as prayer, faith, love and joy.

In the missionary sermon by Br. Ketcham, our attention was directed, 1. To the darkness of the heathen world; 2. To the light of the gospel shining upon Zion; 3. Her duty to reflect that light upon the surrounding darkness.

The Circular Letter on Spiritual-Mindedness by Rev. E. Cushman, was listened to with deep interest.

G. W. G.

Fairfield Baptist Association.

The Fairfield Association held a very interesting and harmonious session on the 11th and 12th inst. with the church recently gathered in Brookfield. Many things contributed to render the meeting peculiarly interesting.

It was the first meeting of the kind ever held in the place, the weather was fine, the house of worship pleasant, commodious, and in order, and the hearts and houses of the people open to receive us; but above all, the Association was blessed with the melting influences of the Holy Spirit. A very interesting and appropriate introductory sermon was preached by Br. Wm. Reid, of Bridgeport, from Col. 3: 3, "For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." Bro. A. Perkins of Danbury, presided.—brn. Denison and Reid clerks. The letters presented a sad state of spiritual declension, and consequent decrease of numbers. A few have been received by baptism, but no general revival has been enjoyed in any of our churches.

Two new churches were received, viz: Humphreysville, Wm. Denison, pastor, and Stepany, J. Mallory, pastor. After the reading of the letters, Br. Chapin of Norwalk, gave us a pointed, heart-searching missionary sermon, from Mark 12: 41, "And Jesus sat over against the treasury." "And," said he, "he sits there still." Theme—*Motives by which we should be actuated in giving.* In the evening, Br. Howard, from Dutchess county, preached, after which a soul-stirring season of exhortation, singing and prayer, was enjoyed, making the place appear like the house of God and the gate of heaven.

The exercises of the second day were opened with a sunrise prayer meeting, well attended and sustained. Br. Shailer appeared in behalf of the Convention, presenting facts well calculated to stimulate to increased liberality in sustaining its operations. The Holy Spirit seemed to be with us in all our sessions, producing strong crying and tears for a revival in all our churches. The closing remarks of the Moderator fell like dew on meadows newly mown, increasing the interest to the last.

In view of the low state of religion among us, the last Saturday in this month was recommended to be observed as a day of fasting and prayer for a revival of religion in all our churches.

By request, J. MALLORY, Stepany, Oct. 13, 1848.

Ecclesiastical.

The Rev. Baron Stow, D. D., of Boston, has been invited to the pastorate of the Pierpont St. Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., in place of Rev. E. L. Taylor, who is to take charge of a new interest in South Brooklyn.

The Rowe Street Baptist Church, Boston, have also extended an invitation to Dr. Stow to become their pastor.

The Rev. Silas B. Randall, late of Woburn, has accepted a call from the Baptist church in Andover, Mass., to become their pastor.

Rev. W. H. Brisbane has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church at Haddonfield, N. J., in consequence of ill health, and taken his residence in Cincinnati.

Mr. Charles A. Buckbee, a graduate from the Theological School at Madison, was ordained as pastor of the Baptist church at Conway, on the 5th inst.

Mr. Lyman Jewett, late of Newton Theological Institution, was ordained as a missionary to India, in the Rowe street church, Boston, on the 6th inst. Sermon by Rev. Mr. Hague, from Rev. 3-7.

The Rev. Jesse Hartwell, D. D., has resigned the Professorship of Theology in Howard College, Marion, Ala., and Rev. T. F. Curtis, chosen to fill the vacancy.

Rev. E. G. Robinson, late Professor in the Western Baptist Theological Institute at Covington, Ky., has been invited to the pastorate of the First Baptist church in Rochester, N. Y.

Rev. Pharellus Church, late of the First Church, Rochester, was installed as pastor of the Bowdoin Square Church, Boston, on the 28th ult. Sermon by Rev. Dr. Stow.

Mr. Calvin C. Moore was ordained as a missionary to Arracan, at Stillwater, N. Y., on the 30th ult. Sermon by Rev. J. Dowling, D. D.

Rev. Wm. Lamon, late of Gloucester, Mass., was installed pastor of the Middle Street Baptist Church, Portsmouth, N. H., on the 28th ult.

Wisconsin has now about one hundred churches—nine years ago it had but six churches, three ministers and one house of worship.

Agricultural Exhibition and Fair.

The annual anniversary of the Hartford County Agricultural Society occurred last week, and as usual our city was well-filled with visitors, including a large number of hardy and industrious farmers. The Fair at the City Hall was attended by throngs of visitors through the week, who were gratified with a rich collection of articles of almost every kind, from the finest specimens of needle work to the coarsest but more valuable implements of husbandry. There was an abundance of fruits of almost every description, the apples, pears, peaches, grapes, &c., were of the finest kinds. Elegant carpets, counterpanes, highly finished articles of cabinet furniture, hard-ware, rifles, pistols, statuary, and beautiful paintings met the eye; while in rooms devoted to the purpose, might be found a splendid collection of stoves of almost every variety—butter and cheese of qualities sufficient to tempt the eye of an epicure—squashes, onions, beets, potatoes, including a fine lot of sweet potatoes raised at Rocky Hill, and an assortment of pumpkins sufficient to satisfy the most decided Puritan that there will be no lack of Pumpkin Pies at the approaching Thanksgiving, (which, by the way Gov. Bissell had not appointed at the time this paragraph was written.)

There were some beautiful horses, cattle, cows, calves, sheep, poultry, &c., at the South Green. The poultry, displayed in coops, was particularly fine; a lot of beautiful white turkeys attracted much attention, while the chickens, ducks and geese were of the very best descriptions. A pair of *Prairie Hens*, something new to our citizens, were among the assortment. The usual number of oyster peddlers, auctioneers, and among the rest the genuine razor-strap man, with a few more of the same sort left" were in attendance, and almost mowed down the beating of the sheep and calves, and the neighing of the horses.

The plowing match came off on Friday. Some ten or twelve teams were entered. Before the plowing commenced, a brief and appropriate address was delivered by W. J. Hamersley, Esq. In the afternoon the annual address was delivered by Rev. Mr. Washburn, of Suffield, at American Hall. The first premium for plowing, was awarded to Erasmus Morgan, Jr., of Hartford; the second to J. D. Cowles, of Farmington, the third to Horace Latimer, of Hartford.

The entire list of premiums will be published in the secular papers, but they will occupy too much room to admit of their insertion in our columns.

[The following paragraph is copied from the *Christian Intelligencer*, the Dutch Reformed paper of New York. We have no doubt but thousands will participate in the peculiar pleasure of the editor of the *Intelligencer*, in seeing "such a spirit of liberality and brotherly kindness evinced" by the Dutch Reformed churches. Should an opportunity occur, we hope the Baptists will promptly reciprocate the kindness.]

McDONALD ST. BAPTIST CHURCH.—It appears that our brethren of the above-named church are making a praiseworthy effort to liquidate a part of the debt which has for years encumbered their place of worship. This debt was unavoidably contracted in consequence of the destruction of their former meeting-house by fire in the summer of 1831. Their pastor, the Rev. D. Dunbar, has just called upon us to request that we would, in the columns of our paper, express the grateful and sincere thanks of himself and his people to the Rev. Mr. Brush and his congregation, of the Reformed Dutch church of Guilford, Ulster Co., for their very generous donation of one hundred dollars; and also to several friends in the Ref. Dutch church at Shawangunk, of which the Rev. Mr. Alliger is pastor, for the additional sum of thirty-eight dollars, sent with the gift of the Guilford brethren, to aid and encourage the McDonal street church in their present effort above referred to. Mr. Dunbar has also informed us, with manifest emotions of gratitude, that several of our Ref. Dutch churches in this city were among the first to bestow unsolicited pecuniary contributions upon his people when erecting their place of worship, which they are now struggling to free from some of the most pressing of the claims which remain against it. We, of course, cordially comply with the request of the McDonal St. brethren, and beg leave to add, that it affords us peculiar pleasure to see such a spirit of liberality and brotherly-kindness evinced by our people.

"ETHIOPIA STRETCHING OUT HER HANDS UNTO GOD."—Gov. RUSSWORM, of the Maryland Colony in Liberia, stated recently at Baltimore, that so anxious were the natives for missionaries, Sabbath and public day teachers, that several kings and princes had sent to the colony repeatedly, for, as they call them, "God men and book men," to come among them and teach their people, that they might become "white men same like you." One of these kings has so far manifested his requests to be sincere that he had built, at his own expense, a large and comfortable church and school-house, and was anxiously awaiting the arrival of the long-looked-for "Merica man."

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR."—Dr. Ellis W. Napier, a wealthy gentleman of Jackson Co., Tenn., who died on the 17th ult., had, by his will, emancipated 28 slaves. There are, undoubtedly, many others in the Southern States who intend to liberate their slaves at the time of their death. It is never too late to do good, but should this paragraph happen to meet the eye of any such, we would just remind them that they may die suddenly, before the will is prepared, and thus they may fail in carrying out their benevolent intentions. The safest and best way is, to do it immediately, and then, in addition to making sure of accomplishing their object, they will enjoy the satisfaction of reflecting for the rest of the lives that they have performed a worthy deed, which if delayed to the hour of death they must lose.

A CONTRAST.—As an evidence of the effect of the revolutions in Europe in favor of religious liberty the following extract of a letter from the Rev. Mr. Oncken, written after he had preached in Vienna to full assemblies is to the point.

"What has the Lord wrought, that I should have been privileged to preach the precious Gospel in the capital of Austria, from whence, only two years ago, a number of Christians were expelled, simply for having provided themselves with the holy scriptures."

The *Christian Times*, is the title of a new paper in London recently brought out under the auspices of Sir Culling Eardly Smith, and John Henderson, Esq., designed to befriend all Christians, and to avoid sectarianism.

NEWTON THEOLOGICAL.—E. Pattison, D. D., has been elected to the Christian Theology in place of Rev. Dr. Patterson. He will, signed; the usefulness of been very properly abso-

In selecting a successor, Dr. Patterson is well satisfied that no better man could be found, and by his ripe scholarship, and expert der Theological Seminary throughout the

Dr. Sears enters upon Secretary of the Massachusetts, a station requiring one which he is eminent to confess that we should have heard that he had with Newton for the mission to Germany.

FACTS AND FIGURES.—the Moravian brethren, an average from four to ten member, for foreign missions, may five dollars each of Baptists in the free thousand, which is below the sum of one million dollars would be raised a pose, were they as liberal is only fourteen hundred in the habit of raising.

NOBLE SYMPATHY.—Advocate, that the late Mr. Roger Sherman, of Fairfield family and educated of whom survived her. dren is early life, and being impressed with the do good by filling the place, less they commenced their another became settled filled by others.—*Boston*

HON. WM. J. GRAVES, in a duel, and who died k-en of by a paper in the private life for

the world, I know you are a young man.

are to me. I can show that you are a young man.

